

CHAPTER II.



my rival. What was it the stubborn old crofter called him? Young Donald-Young Ross of Heimra-well, tell me all about him, Mr. Purdie!" But to Mary's surprise the Little Red Dwarf remained sternly mute. Yet there was no one in the room besides themselves but the maid who was waiting at table-a tall and good looking Highland lass, whose pratty way of speech and gentle manmer and shy eyes had already made a pleasant impression on her young mistress. All the same, the

factor remained silent until the girl had gone,

rather moderating his voice, which ordinarily was inclined to be aggressive and raucous, "I would just advise ye to have a care what ye say before these people. They're all in a pact, and they're sly and cunning just beyond belief; ay, and ready to do ye a mischief, the thrawn ill-willed creatures!" "Oh, Mr. Purdie!" Mary protested in her good humored way, "you mustn't try to prejudice me like that! I have already had a little talk with

Barbara, and I could not but think of what Dr. Johnson said, that every Highland girl is a gentle-"And not a word they utter is to be believed-no, not with a Bible in their hands," the factor went on, in spite of her remonstrance. "Miss Stanley, did ye hear me ask the driver as we came through the village ir he had seen the yacht out by Heimra

Island-the vacht that we saw with your own eyes? He said no-he had not seen it-and I knew by his face he was lying to me." "But, Mr. Purdie," said Mary again, "you did not see the yacht either. And I may have been

mistakon." "Ye were not mistaken," said the factor, with victous emphasis. "For well I know what that was. That was nothing else than young Ross coming back from one of his smuggling expeditionsthe thieving, poaching acoundrel!-and little thinking that I would be coming out to Lochgarra the very afternoon. But I'll be even with my gentleman yet! for it's all done to thwart meit's all done to thwart me."

The factor's small clear eyes sparkled with malice, but he had perforce to cease speaking, for at this moment Barbara came into the room. When she had gone again, he resumed:-

"I will just tell ye how I came to get on his track," Mr. Purdle said, with something of a triumphant air. "And first of all ye must know, Miss Stanley, I take some little credit to myself for having routed out the illicit stills in this countryside; sy, sy, I'm thinking they're pretty well cleared out now; indeed I'll undertake to say there's not a hidden worm tub or a mash tun within twenty miles around. There was some trouble; oh, yes; for they're cunning creatures and they stand by one another in lying and concealment; but I managed to get some information for the Preventive Staff all the same-from time to time, that was—and then I had a good knowledge of the place—ye see, Miss Stanley, I was factor at Lockgarra before your uncle gave be back my post again; and so, with keeping the gaugers busy, we got at one after another of the black bothies, as they call them, until I doubt whether there's a below which between here and Strathcarron. Yes, I may with between here and Strathcarron. Yes, I may

Duke or Duchess, would come in their steam or send har presents of game in the au-

"Poor woman!" said Mary. "Is she out there still?"
"No, no—her troubles are over," said the factor with some expression of relief. "There's one the leave meets graffy complaints and from floods, she declares at fact taking possession of relief. "There's one the leave meets graffy complaints and from floods, she declares at fact taking possession of relief." There's one the leave meets graffy complaints to fall down and worship, as if they were golden images. She died near a year ago, and would ye believe it, this sen o' hers, instead of faving that flooding Christian burial for his own mother! He's just a pagen, neither more nor less—a wild savage—fearing neither flood nor man—getting drunk every night. I'll be bound, on that smuggled brandy; and I'm not sure he would scruple to take your life if he found yein a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of—a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of—a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of—a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of—a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of—a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient place. It's a terrible thing to think of a human being brought up like that, in a convenient pl

actor remained silent until the girl had gono.
"I would just advise ye, Miss Stanley," said he,
"It would just advise ye, Miss Stanley," said he,
"It do not care about that," she made answer.
"We will see about the thanks, or no thanks, later



"They'll just begin to think that the time for the universal gotting of everything for nothing has come at last; and where will there be an end to their outragous demands? The ignorant creatures; they do not know what they want; they relike children crying for the moon, and they're encouraged by a set of agitators more ignorant than themselves—people in Parliament and out of it that never saw a peat moss and don't know the difference between a hog and a stift—

"But wait a moment, Mr. Furdie," said she with some touch of calm authority. "I can hardly tell you yet what I intend to do; I have all kinds of inquiries to make, But every one is well enough aware that, whatever the cause or causes may be, there is great distress among the crofters—great poverty—and, naturally, discontent, and when I hear of them almost starving for want of land—and such immense tracts given over to deer—I know that a great wrong is being done. And that is not going to exist wherever I have a word to say."

"It cannot exist on this estate, Miss Stanley." the factor said with confidence. "For we have not a single acro of forested land."

"What did I hear my brother say, then about what they positincy that time!" He laughed

them? What injury could they possibly have done him?"
"Injury? Plenty of injury—in stirring up ill will and rebellion among the tenants. It's yourself, Miss Stanley, will find that out ere long. Oh, yes, wait till ye come to have desings with these people, ye'll find out what they are, I'm thinking! A stubborn and stiff necked cace; and cunning as the very mischief, and revengeful and dars. But we broke their obstinacy that time!" He laughed again—a malignant laugh.
"I saw yo noticed it. Miss Stanley, as we came along this afternoon—the dried up place that was once a loch, and the pile of stones."

She remembered well amough; and also she recollected the victors also it he driver had made at his

Sense C. Welling of the property of the control of

which your uncle bought, Miss Stanley; and then | gentleman is after a salmon on the Garra or lying in share in the savage glee the factor was beginning the decepted with left to begin in the savage glee the factor was beginning.

glad enough to get a chance of lighting his nipe and having a comfortable smoke on his way home to the inn.

When the two girls went into the drawing room—which was a large hoxagonal room in the tower, with windows tooking north, west and south—they found that the lamps had not yet been brought in and also perceived, to their surprise, that the night outside had cleared and was now brilliant with its thousands of throbbing stare. They went to one of the windows. The Beavily moaning sea was hardly visible, but the heavons were extraordinarily lustrous; they were even aware of a puisation of light between them and the gray stone terrace without. Perhaps it was from the binzing belt of Orion, that hung high above a dark headiand jutting out toward the west, while there, also, was the still more dery String, that burned and palpitated behind the black birch woods in the south. And then they turned to seek the Island of Heimra—out there on the mystic and sombra plain, under that far trembling and shining canepy.

"Well," said Kathchen, with some vehemonce of fudignation (for her Highland blood had mounted to her head, "I know this. Mary; seapegrace or no scapegrace, if I were the young fellow living out there, I know what I should do—I would kill that factor! Isn't it perfectly clear it was he who gooded your nucle into pulling down the old castle and draining the loch?

Mary was silent for a second or two. Then she said, in an absent kind of way.—

"There are wrongs and injuries done that can never be undone. I can never rebuild Castle Heimra."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH DISHES IN PLAIN ENGLISH.

HOW TO PREPARE AND COOK SOME SEASONABLE

MECALS. French books on cooking are appalling to the average housekeeper. She roads, marks, but learns

little, and certainly her friends digest still less. A celebrated chaf who knows how to explain things simply writes the following recipes for the HERALD. They are valuable, not because the lishes are new, but because the language is so

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was the surprise of Mrs. Temple's Southern life, lucidly:-"Laws, I know

a beap on'y I done furgot Evidently, at some period in her life, she had cooked for a table of some pretensions. Every now and then, a most unexpected accomplishment would sall into our admiration. Thus, once she broke out:-"My marster! Mis' Temple, fo' de lawd, dat ar cream sass er yourn, dat aint noways diffruit to my ole missus' white sass 'cept like you all don' putt no cream in yourn. But ye cripses de butter jes de

Another time, "Scallop isters? I pintedly kin, Mis' Temple. Allers done scallop de isters fo' ole Miss."

Indeed she suggested a number of new viands to Mrs. Temple-generally from the frying pun, but toothsome and delicate.

She brought her only child with her, a slim, brown lad of fourteen, who waited on table better than we feared from his first appearance, at which he brushed the crumbs off with the hearth broom into the dust pan. He was his mother's pet and, considering that

the crumbs off with the hearth broom into the dust pan. He was his mother's pet and, considering that fact, a marvellously good darky, almost industrious and the best tempered boy in the world.

We were not long in discovering Aunt Victory's history. One evening, we found her at the arnaliest time a lesson with forms and the state, plainly get time a lesson with forms and the heat tempered boy in the world.

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"How nice! Then you can read the Bible?"

The world Aunt Victory's herids in a toss:—Taway, May Temple, I'se outer do Bible an' inter do newspan.

"He does so," said his mother. "Aint you never seen de Mosale Temple?" We admitted our ignorance. "Well, he does write reglar of that."

"Yes maam, I like living in the city. But maw likes the country better."

"Yes maam, you all got mightly gran' ones yere, but gimme de locatry!" She was one of those nut to-night, her head was covered with a red bundanna, drawn out square corneced, buck of her ears, giving her a queer resemblance to the sphinz. Flinging herself forward on the table with a supple, sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her red the red was covered with a red bundanna, drawn out square corneced, buck of her ears, giving her a queer resemblance to the sphinz. Flinging herself forward on the table with a supple, sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her covered and the table with a supple, sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her covered and the supple sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her covered on the table with a supple, sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her covered on the table with a supple sinnous motion that few negrons get too cid to use, sin let her covered on the supple sinnous motion that few negrons are too

"And doesn't Reme want you telet him come back?"

Aunt Victory rubbed her right eargainst her right shoulder with a coquettish gesture and for the first time I realized that, according warfelen notions, she was a pleasing woman. "All sir! why Miss Freddy, 'taint my ole man, R.A. 'jects to, 'cose not! Hit am de torrer gentlem!"

We were too used to negro waltey to either feel or show any particular surpris. But it seemed deceat to inquire whether the paired husband was divorced from her. No, of area he was not; that was why she had come to the Rock—as the Arkansans call Little Rock.

"I gwine get a divorcent fo' fo'ty dollar de lawyer man say" she expland, "done guv 'im t'inty dollar a'ready. Den I i back i' de kentry. I pintedly does crave t' bei de kentry, agin."

"But it's such hard ork, Victory!" I suggested, loah to see a promising sox depart.

"Hard wuk! Taintaffin t' de stove wik. Glume my hoe an' my row an'se happy. An' laws, Missy, it do pear like I caynyctive in dis yere shut up town. Aint no sunshine yer. I does love de sanshine. All culled folks jeen satelly drinks up de san."

It was easy to pun her story when she was in such a thood. Sitrig at ease, alone with us, in the kitchen (for Mande the chambermaid, was at a colored ball), she pool out her whole humble tragody. The ole Miss vo had "raised" her and taught her

The sphirx like head was reared again with indescribable peide. Victory's grandfather was an African prince, she told us, once, and I can well believe
'Me taken him back! Mis' Temple, I ben raised by
white folks. He leff me fo' a black nigger; I never
take him back!

"But how did he happen to do such a wicked
thing?" said Kare Temple.

"How I know!" she likely, "she live down de ribber,
whar he go 'possum huntin', an' she gally young ting
an'—an' dey call her mighty harnsome; an', someway, she 'ties him off. He been too shamed come
nigh me but he sen' wand dat he gire me de truck
in do house and de mules an' ever'fing, cep' only himderd dollars he have at de sto'. An' so he light out.
But he nex' did git no satisfaction livin' wid her.
She cudit to mod' cook a meal of 'vituals dan she cud
match me pickin' cotton, an' she taken t' goln' on
mighty bed wid torere niggres; as dey palated an' Lige
came straight t' me. Misa' Thompson, he say Lige
done make mighty sho' he git me back. HotHu!"

I sunchow inferred from her conscious air that
Thompson was the other man in the case. I asked
her and she admitted that be was; "he was a mighty
pleasant, good man," a preacher with a gift for
paryer and all the disters admired him.

I said:—But din't it ever ocame to you, Victory,
that Mr. Thompson might be a prejudiced witness
against Sanders?"

"How dat, Misay?"

"He wants to marry you himzelf, you know;
mighin't be tell lies about Lige?"

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"But hasn't he another wife somewhere?" said
Kate, who has cyniela notions about negro pastors.

"Dat lees' Reme's meanness!"

in' wid me!" said Victory, "look like he sint 'jectin'."

"Don't you think you could forgive him?"

"Don't you think you could forgive him?"

"Don't you back fo' my husband twell de sun drop! take you back fo' my husband twell de sun drop! You glt outer my house!" Dat how I falk t' him An' he go off mighty down, wid Reme, Nex' that I says, 'I don't want no wnds wid yo, Mist' Sander But I let him come in speak wid Reme, kass he,' set a heap o' store on Reme, an' Reme on him. ad byms bye he got t' stayin' longer an' den Reme'hab him stay t' dinner. An' Mist' Thompson 'ny make his braggs er dat, an' say I ben turn' my make his braggs er dat, an' say I ben turn' my make his braggs er dat, an' say I ben turn' my make his braggs er dat, an' say I ben turn' my mine t' lim. Dut rlie me. But de lan' til wen de tilge I married dat'—ehe fling out a clint come to strike her breast furionsty—"something an' de up, dar, mindin' me o' all den times t'gled. So il'le dead chillen an' all, an' I ben fan' ched outer I bilt my hald mighty bovish like, an' ched outer I bilt my hald mighty bovish like, an' ched outer de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de bouse, nev' passin' a wud wid him An' de next de house an' any t' lest "gedder, fo' him an' norrer cuilled man wot b' wed out my t' keep twell I come back, an' I a divorcement fum Lige."

"And promised him, I daresay, marry him afterwards," said I.